

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

King I wonder our vnckle Gloster staies so long.

Queene Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now that time is past,

That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:

But now let one meete him euen in the morne,

When euery one will giue the time of day,

And he will neither moue nor speake to vs,

See you not the Commons follow him

In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life Iesus preserue his grace,

Honoring him as if he were a King:

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions,

Tis likely that the people will follow him:

My lord, if you imagine, there is no such thing.

Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare,

My lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Disproue my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,

I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

Suffolke Well hath your grace foreseene into that Duke,

And if I had beene licens'd first to speake,

I thinke I should haue told your graces tale,

Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest,

No, no my soueraigne, Gloster is a man

Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

King Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Somer. Cold newes my lord, and this it is,

That all your holds and Townes within those Territories,

Is ouercome my Lord, and all is lost.

King Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,

But Gods will be done.

Yorke

houses, of Yorke and L.

Yorke Cold newes for me, for I haue
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

Humph. Pardon my liege, that I

Suffolke Nay Gloster, know, that

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall the

We do arrest thee on high treason

Humph. Why Suffolkes duke t

Nor change my countenance for th

Whereof am I guiltie, who are my a

Yorke Tis thought my lord, you

And stopt the souldiers of their pay

By which his maiestie hath lost ali

Humph. Is it but thought so, and

So God help me, as I haue watcht

Ever intending good for England

That pennie that euer I tooke from

Be brought against me at the iudge

I neuer robd the souldiers of their p

Many a pound of mine owne prop

Haue I sent ouer for the souldiers w

Because I would not racke the needi

Car. In your Protectorship you

Strange torments for offenders, by

England hath beene defamde by ty

Hum. Why tis well knowne tha

Pittie was all the fault that was in me

A murderer, or foule felonious thee

That robs and murders seely passer

I torturd aboute the rate of commo

Suffolke. Tush my lord, these be

But greater matters are laid vnto you

I do arrest thee on high treason her

And commit thee to my good Lord

Vntill such time as thou canst cleere

King Good vnckle obey to his a

I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleer